

THE RURAL



MAGAZINE.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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MISERY IN LIFE NOT MORE PREVALENT THAN HAPPINESS.

(From *Variety*.)

THE various complaints of mankind would seem at first sight to confirm an opinion which has often prevailed, "that in the course of human life, there is more misery than happiness." But having never subscribed to this opinion myself, so I shall endeavour to convince my readers, that it is erroneous, and that if happiness does not absolutely exceed misery in the world, yet at least the portion of each is nearly equal. Let us first consider by whom this doctrine is chiefly advanced; and we shall find it to be by those, who have communicated their discontented thoughts in writing to the public;—for in conversation, few men wish to represent themselves less happy than they are. It is, therefore, to the class of authors, that we must trace this melancholy observation: and I will allow; that if any profession be more miserable than another, it is that of authorship, from the poor drudge who writes a paragraph in a garret, to that great, and rich, and royal author who declared that "Increase of wisdom was increase of sorrow." For the man who has time and abilities to write, has also, time and abilities to think.

The idle speculator, whether groaning under the pressure of poverty, or grasping at the pinnacle of affluence, will occasionally be led to feel the emptiness of all human enjoyments, and complain with Solomon, that "all is vanity."—He will look back on attempts, in which he has failed, with vexation, and on those, in which he has succeeded, with contempt, at their little worth: he will look forward, with chilling fear, at future hopes, and shrink from undertakings, accompanied with hazard. Yet, amidst the disguise of retrospection, and the gloom of hopeless prospects, there will be always something to solicit his present attention, some trifling engagement, or some frivolous avocation, that may enable him at least to enjoy the present moment: and if he seriously reflect upon his feelings, he will perceive, that he is very seldom, indeed, unhappy at what has happened to him, but rather at the dread of what may happen. The spectator observed, that "were a man's sorrow and disquietudes to be summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found, that he had suffered more from the apprehensions of such evils as had never happened, than from those evil that had already befallen him;" and he adds, that "of those evils which had really befallen him, many have been more painful in the prospect, than by their actual pressure." This observation holds good through all the stages and conditions of life, whether the evils be real or imaginary, whether they proceed from mental or corporeal affections. I do not pretend to

assert, that there is no evil in bodily pain: but whoever has experienced much of it, must confess, that it is ever continual or unabating.—The great dispenser both of good and evil, has so formed our bodies, that the most excruciating agonies have moments of remission: and the pains of the gout, the stone, or of childbirth, are frequently relieved by natural intervals of mitigation, without the assistance of laudanum, which never fails to give temporary ease from pain: and when the body is again restored to health, and freed from torture to look back on past sufferings is one of the greatest sources of human enjoyment. I am acquainted with a gentleman, who, amidst ample possessions, having little to excite his hopes or fears, is occasionally apt to become listless and dissatisfied with life, till a severe fit of the gout reminds him of his happiness, an ardent sense of which he most gratefully expresses at the termination of every proxism. Thus it is with the mind also. From whatever source our misery proceeds, it is never without alleviation, if we will admit it.

'Tis not the actual existence of present calamity, but the anticipation of its consequences, that afflicts and tortures us. The loss of a friend presents us with a view of solitude and privation of his future conversation, in which we might never have again delighted. The loss of a child puts a period to hopes, which might never have been realized, had the child survived.—The man, to whom constant occupation is not necessary to supply his daily food, or to promote his ambitious views, will sometimes be depressed by the employment of his mental faculties. He will look forward with dejection, to events which may never happen, and shrink from future evils, which he may never have to encounter: while the trifling bustle and engagements, which belong to each succeeding day, will interest his feelings, and afford him happiness, if he will suffer himself to be diverted by them; but when he directs his thoughts to distant years, he fancies he shall be miserable, and lose the relish for the joys he now possesses; he forgets that fresh objects (equally frivolous perhaps with those that now engross him) will have their power to charm. The mind of man accommodates itself to every situation: and as one, who at the first entrance into a hot house, feels a suffocating heat, which gradually becomes only a comfortable warmth; so there is no change of life, no reverse of fortune, and no loss of friends or connexions, that time and habit will not reconcile. We grieve now, lest we should have cause to grieve hereafter, and are unhappy, through fear of really becoming so.—We see the approaching evil, but are blind to the obstacles that may prevent its ever reaching us: and while we fix our eyes on the mountain of calamity, we forget that possibly

our destined road may lie in the valley of peace, which surrounds its base; or that perhaps, we may sink into the river of death, which flows at its foot, and sometimes kindly snatches us from the painful labor of struggling with insuperable difficulties. After all, there is one source of consolation, which should never be overlooked, viz. That we are often mistaken in our judgment of what is good or evil. Thus the widow hopeless, whose husband died insolvent, leaving her with six small children each settled in the world in affluence, and has repaid her benefactors the obligations she received.

There is, perhaps, no source of mental anxiety and pain, more common or more poignant, than that of providing for a numerous offspring. What agony can equal that of an unsuccessfully industrious man, who, by his failure, dreads the utter ruin of the fortune of his family? imagination paints his children beggars, and himself advanced in years, no longer able to support them. But let him not despair: let them look round, and he will find numerous families, like that of widow hopeless, who have risen to affluence and power, from circumstances the most unpromising; at the same time that he will see the single heirs of great paternal riches, reduced to sudden or to gradual poverty. But who can assert, that affluence or power will actually secure felicity to their possessors? or that by entailing wealth, he can entail happiness on his posterity? wealth too often is the cause of leisure, and he who is not employed, will be most wretched. The man of business has the fairest chance for happiness. The servant is oftener happier than his master: and those who have been nursed in the enfeebling lap of indolence and ease, envy the lot of the poor laboring hind. The felicity of shepherds has been the constant theme of poets. What idle man does not envy the industrious cottager, and feel the force of an old song, beginning nearly in these words:

"Strong Labor gets up at the first morning dawn,

"And stoutly steps over the dew spangled lawn,

"For with him goes health from a cottage of thatch,

"Where never physician had lifted the latch."

Children frequently owe their misfortunes to the too provident ambition of their parents. Thus, because our own times have given an example of two sons of a mere country curate, having risen to the highest honors in the law and church, every fond father hopes to see his son equally successful. Rather let him sow and cherish the seeds of humility, content, economy and obedience to superiors, than plant the dangerous slip, of ambition, or graft on their tender minds, the hope of greatly augmenting riches. By such conduct he will render his children more useful members of society, and infinitely

happier in themselves. We are seduced by wishes, which we have no right to encourage, and are miserable at the failure of hopes, built on bad foundations. Let us, then, rather enjoy our present happiness, undisturbed by what may or may not befall us in a future distant period—a sentiment so well expressed by Horace, that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting it as a conclusion:

"Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero."

THE CHILD TRAINED UP FOR THE GALLOWES.

By the late Governor Livingston.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
testa diu. HOR.

Becomes the gibbet and adorns the string.

POMFRET.

IS any father so unnatural as to wish to have his son hanged? let him bring him up in idleness, and without putting him to any trade. Let him particularly insure him to spend the Lord's day in play and diversion, instead of attending on public worship; and instead of instructing him, on that day in the principles of the christian religion, let him rob a neighboring hen-roost while the proprietor of it is gone to divine service.

Astonishing it is to see so many of our young people growing up without being apprenticed to any business for procuring their future livelihood.

The Jews had a proverb, "that whoever was not bred to a trade, was bred for the gallows." Every musliman is commanded by the koran to learn some handicraft or other: and to this precept even the grand signior so far conform, as to learn as much about the mechanism of a watch as to be able to take it to pieces, and to put it together again. Are christians the only people in the world, that are to live in idleness, when one of the injunctions of the decalogue is, to labor six days in the week: and an inspired apostle has commanded us to work, under the express penalty of not eating, in default of it?

"This we commanded you," says he, "that if any would not work, neither should he eat."

"Train up a child," says king Solomon, "in the way that he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." But if you intend him for the gallows, train him up in the way that he *would* go; and before he is old, he will probably be hanged. In the age of vanity, restrain him not from the follies and allurements of it. In the age proper for learning and instruction, give him neither. As to catechising him, it is an old puritannical, useless formality. Never heed it—give him full scope in vice and immorality, according to the pious counsel of the deists, lest his mind be unhappily biassed by the influence of a religious education. Moses indeed, after saying to the children of Israel, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might," thought proper to subjoin, "and those words which I command thee this day, thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." But we know that Moses did not intend those children to be trained up for the gallows. His advice therefore is not in point. Mine, which is immediately directed to the object in view, must consequently be very different. And paramount to any other direction that I can possibly give, I would particularly advise, as an essential part of the course of this education, by which a child, when he arrives to manhood, is

intended to make so *exalted* a figure, that his parents should suffer him every sabbath day, during summer and autumn, to patrol about the neighborhood, and to steal as much fruit as they can carry off. To encourage more in this branch of his education, in case the poor scrupulous lad should shew any compunctions of conscience about it, I would have his mother partake of the stolen fruit; and to eat it with keener appetite than she does any of her own, or her husbands lawfully acquired esculents. For his farther encouragement, both his parents should always take his part, whenever the proprietor of the stolen fruit prefers to them his complaint against him; and by all means refuse to chastise him for his thievery. They should say, "where is the harm of taking fruit? The gentleman does not want it all, for his own use. He doubtless raised part of it for poor people."—This will greatly smooth his way to more extensive, and more profitable robberies. He will soon persuade himself that many rich men have more wealth than they really want, and as they owe part of their affluence to the poor, upon the principle of charity, why should not the poor take their share without the formality of asking consent? He will now become a thief in good earnest: and finding it easier, at least as he imagines, to support himself by theft, than by honest industry, he will continue the practice until he is detected, apprehended, convicted, condemned and gibbeted. Then he will have exactly accomplished the destined end of his education; and proved himself to have been an apt scholar. Under the gallows, and in his last dying speech, he will say, "had my father whipped me for breaking the sabbath; and had not my mother encouraged me to rob orchards and gardens and hen-roosts on that holy day, I should not have been brought to that ignominious punishment. But they have been the cause, by encouraging me in my early youth, in the ways of sin, of this my awful catastrophe, and probably of the eternal ruin of my immortal soul." Parents! believe and tremble, and resolve to educate your children in opposition to the gallows.

GOOD ADVICE.

AN ancient British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory where four roads met. In her right hand was a spear; and the left rested on a shield, one face of which was gold the other silver. It happened one day, that two knights compleatly armed, the one in black, the other in white, came up to this statue from opposite parts. This golden shield, says the black knight—golden shield! interrupted the white knight; if I have eyes it is silver. I know nothing of your eyes, replied the black knight; but I know that the shield is gold. The dispute ended in a challenge. After fixing their spears, they flew with impetuosity at each other: and both of them fell to the ground much bruised. A Druid who came by showed them their mistake; and gave them this lesson: *Never to enter into a dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.*

JEALOUSY.

It is with jealousy as with the gout. When such distempers are in the blood, there is never any security against their breaking out, and that often on the slightest occasions, and when least expected.

MEMORY.

THE late Doctor FRANKLIN, in the more early part of his life, belonged to a debating society in Philadelphia. At one of their meetings, it was the doctor's turn to propose two questions, which were as follow—Who of all the people in the world, have the best memories?—second—Who, of all the people in the world, have the worst memories? This occasioned much learned disquisition among the members. One argued that people of the best memories, are those blessed with health and strength, strong nerves, vigorous apprehensions, and in prime of life.—Others pretended that as memory, like all other human faculties, is improveable; those have the best memories that had, during a long course of education, been obliged to learn much by heart, and thus became adaps in the art of remembering.—Multitudes of arguments were brought, according to every one's fancy; but on the other question it was universally agreed that very old people must have the worst memory of any, as in the declining stage of human nature the nerves become weak, and the organization of the brain so far calloused as to retain but weakly the impression of past events. There was no end to the learned theories broached on the occasion. At last Franklin got up, and with the gravest face in the world, informed the society, that of all men living, Creditors had the best memories, and Debtors the worst.

DEATH.

TRUST me Eliza! that elegance of person, that beautiful regularity of features, that majestic air which strikes every beholder with love and admiration, will avail thee nought against the cold ravages of death. The gay, the wise, the humble and exalted, the beautiful and deformed, must all moulder into the same native clay. Thou hast seen the sun rise in all its splendor—nature freshens at his approach, the morning of its reign is all smiling beauty and perfection it gains strength as it acquires its meridian height, it faints as it sinks beneath the western hills, the glimmering prospect fades on the view, and the day is closed in the dusky shades of night forever. Such is the emblem of life—Man comes into existence as the dawn bursts from the womb of darkness, his youth is beautiful as the morning sun, all smiling innocence and perfection, his puberty is the moon, endued with strength and vigor open to new scenes, impragnated with new desires, animated with hope and pleased enjoyment—but soon the evening approaches, and all the transitory scenes of time are closed in the allotments of eternity! Man, tho' born with faculties to reach through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through this great chaos of nature, starts back with horror at the dreadful uncertainty of futurity, they become enamoured of their habitation, earth, and wish to dwell on it forever; every art is tried to support their frail and tottering fabric, yet it must very soon decay and moulder into its native earth. Yet a little while, and every breast now warm with hope and busy with design, shall sink into the cold senseless grave; the eye that is reading these lines shall be closed into everlasting darkness, and the young hand that writes them; shall sooner or later be crumbled into dust.

DRUNKENNESS.

THIRST teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.

Sentimental Fragment.

***** "THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and imparts the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower: and, though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a partial similitude; for the tear is on it. But alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow: and the crystal, which stole forth in the morning from my eyelids holds its place at the midnight hour."

"And is love," said I, "the cankerworm that has preyed on thy beauty?—Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear?"

"No," replied Lucilla—"Love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years, I riot-ed in them; and this world was a heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more: but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed on my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me: and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself."

"It was my duty—and soon became my sole delight—to point out to the darling boy the path in which his sire had trodden, and to instil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame: and he was wont to weep, when I led to the grave, which glory had dug for his father."

"But he, too, is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers—here my fancy feeds my sorrow; and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till weary nature conduct me to my husband and my child." ***

NEWARK, AUGUST 18.

—MARRIAGES—



Lately at Hamburgh, Monsieur LA FAYETTE, jun. to Mademoiselle LA TOUR MAUBOURG.

—THE MORALIST—

ON CONTENTMENT IN PROSPERITY.

—*Lauda diversa sequentes.* HOR.

THERE are very few questions, which have more puzzled philosophers, than one in particular, relating to the regimen of ourselves in prosperity and adversity. The contest was never finally determined, whether it was the greater bravery, to moderate ourselves in plenty, or to bear up with constancy under the pressure of want. The dispute, I think, is not very material; but the necessity of contentment appears manifestly from both sides, in order to enjoy any felicity in either condition.

Murmuring and complaint generally proceed from the difference of man's situation in life. The sordid are apprehensive, they shall never have enough; and the profuse want more, to animate their extravagance. Those who have but small fortunes, cannot relish the scantiness of moderation; grandeur and gaiety do not always sit easy on the wealthy; and the necessitous are dissatisfied, that they are exposed to the severity of indigence.

A strange variety of passions thus daily dis-

tract the human mind; and for want of knowing how to be easy, too many make themselves miserable. But all these repinings are in reality criminal: man is properly his own tormentor; he disquiets himself in vain; and, by neglecting the practice of one easy virtue, he never tastes the fruits of genuine contentment. To regulate our desires, and limit our pleasures, is what I mean by contentment in a plentiful condition—a taste, which requires great circumspection, to keep the passions from running into excess?

Prosperity is a trying and dangerous state, in which, as we exercise our judgment, we shall display either the greatest folly, or the most exemplary wisdom. Good fortune is apt to delude us with its smiles, and strangle us in its embraces. It unbends the mind, and slackens the powers of it; and by a fraudulent gratification of sense, insensibly steals away the use of our reason. Many have stood inflexible under the shock of poverty, who have afterwards fallen a sacrifice in a plentiful fortune.

Flattery frequently prevails when blows are ineffectual; and temptations to a fatal security are too prevalent, when the mind is lulled into carelessness and neglect. We apprehend no difficulty, because we feel none; and we promise ourselves safety, because a treacherous confidence blinds us to our danger.

But when fortune smiles, let us rouse up our circumspection. Our passions then require a tight rein, lest our actions should hurry us into insolence and presumption. Confidence in our possessions is too apt to obliterate the remembrance of duty; and too great an opinion of our own merits sometimes creates a forgetfulness of our dependance on God.

The desires, it is plain, have a tendency to violence; and an easy affluence, instead of satisfying, pushes them on to further gratification.—When the heart is thus enlarged, and the spirits too volatile, we are naturally inclined to embark in new undertakings: we are insensible of any difficulties, which should stop us in our career; and, for want of proper restraint, our desires hurry us into extravagance, which seldom ends in any thing but ruin.

Thus fallen from the summit of grandeur, we shall become the objects of scorn and contempt. Whilst our fields stood thick with corn, and our garners abound with all manner of store, the lycophants, were ready to attend our tables—din our ears with compliments, and try to persuade us that we were more than men: but no sooner is the scene changed, and a sad alteration appears in our circumstances, then these infamous wretches all vanish, and like all vermin, which fly from a tottering house—forsake and vilify us in our misfortunes.

The virtue of contentment, in the midst of prosperity, seems in this point necessary, as it tends to preserve a good fortune in hand, and to prevent a shame, which would be grating on the loss of it. A strict vigilance would keep passion within due bounds. Our fall from an elevated station might be prevented by an evenness of temper, and a proper circumspection;—but, for want of it, our misfortune will be reflected on, without remorse; and the invidious will rejoice, and persecute us with severity. In short, let us embrace contentment—let us restrain our passions—experience will soon convince us, that such conduct is most conducive to our temporal as well as our eternal welfare.—Then we shall relish our enjoyments, without surfeiting, and have a true taste of the delights of

life, without neglecting the duties of christianity.

He that lays open his vanity in public, acts no less absurdly than he that lays open his bosom to an enemy, whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

—ANECDOTES—

A stranger passing St. Paul's church, asked a tar, whom he met, what those figures were at the west front? To which the sailor answered, "the twelve apostles." "How the devil can that be," replied the other, "when there are but six of them?" "D—n my eyes," says the tar, "would you have them all upon deck at once?"

BURROUGHS, a hardened criminal, confined at Castle William, was sentenced for some offence to ride the wooden horse.—In the morning when he mounted, he was accosted by the chaplain of the garrison, with a "good morning, Mr. Burrows, what are you doing there?"—who instantly replied, "*Doing, Mr. Chaplain! you see, I am running the christian race, steadfast and immovable.*"

From a Winchester Paper.

A few days ago, a small land Tortoise was brought to this town, from the woods. It was marked on the lower shell with I. S. A. 13, '76 in very legible characters. Many appeared astonished at its age, but they will cease to wonder if they attend to what Dr. Goldsmith has written, in his *Animated nature*, p. 421—"Tortoises, says he, are commonly known to exceed eighty years old; and there was one kept in the Arch-bishop of Canterbury's garden, at Lambeth, that was remembered above an hundred and twenty years.—It was at last killed by the severity of a frost, from which it had not sufficiently defended itself in its winter retreat—which was a heap of sand at the bottom of the garden."



—OBITUARY—

Died, the 11th inst. at his residence in Delaware, the hon. JOSHUA CLAYTON, Esq. a Senator of the United States from that State, after a short but severe illness, which he bore with that fortitude and magnanimity, peculiar to a Christian. To enumerate the many virtues that ennobled the character of this dignified man, would be unnecessary; for they are so well known, as to need no encomium. In him the public has lost a zealous supporter of the Federal Government, a loss at this time particularly to be lamented. His funeral was attended by a large and respectable concourse of his neighbouring fellow citizens, who came to mourn the loss of their beloved friend. The gentleness of his manners, the politeness and affability of his address, rendered him respected and beloved by all who had the honor of his acquaintance.

At Connecticut-Farms, on Saturday last, Deacon BRANT, a respectable inhabitant of that place.

DIED—At his lodgings in Philadelphia Col. JAMES INNES, one of the commissioners on the Spanish treaty, for settling losses by Spanish captures.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

EPISODE FROM THE COLUMBIAD.

The Story of Miss M'Crea, who was murdered by the Indians.—She is represented weeping; two Indians holding her hands—their tomahawks lifted up to strike.

HER eyes, that stream'd and fill'd again
With tears,
Like gushing founts, which many a riv'let pour,
And yet are full, she throws on either Chief
Alternate suppliant; while her sad laments,
Plaintive and loud, the sorrowing campaign fill,
Beauty so sad, so wretched, but enflam'd
The savage chieftains, to possess her, more:
They interchange fierce glances, which denote
Bloody intentions fix'd, and deadly hate.
Thus when desire inflames the horrid rage
Of two fierce Lions, on the burning tracks
Of Atlas, or parch'd banks of Senegal,
They pace the female round, growling in wrath:
A short and fullen roar, their jaws by rage
Dissent, their horrid teeth and tongues display'd,
Their tawny flanks lash'd by their sounding tails,
Their manes on end, the earth with fury paw'd,
Are horrid preludes to their lordly strife.

At once the Indians loose their weeping prey;
Their angry eye-balls glare, and in their hands
Two missile tom'hawks shone. Then had been
fought

A combat which, if action bodily,
If physical exertion, ought to give
Warlike repute, had rais'd the victor's name
Above Achilles, or the fabled strength
Of Hercules; the fame of which had liv'd
Long as tradition oral; and, perhaps,
Snatch'd from oblivion by the genial hand
Of polish'd clime, whose records, more exact,
Written exist, had down the stream of time
Sail'd proud, immortal in the sacred ark
Of history and song; had not the chiefs,
The elders, interpos'd—and chiefest one,
Deep skill'd in savage politics, named OMAT:
He, fearing that the interest of the tribe
Would suffer by this contest of the chiefs,
Snatches a tom'hawk, and, with savage zeal,
Seizes the lovely, trembling, guiltless cause
Of this disunion, and, inhuman, strikes
The iron deep into her panting breast!
Her beauteous limbs relax'd, she falls along,
Like to the roe, whose comely side, the spear
Of hunter pierces.—Wonder seiz'd the tribe;
The angry chiefs resign their rage to weep;
And ev'n the prudent ruffian felt his soul
Affail'd by pity. On her iv'ry breast
The wound appears as if a stream of blood
Had thaw'd a hole upon the virgin snow.

LUDICROUS THOUGHT.

READER, when'er thou dost perceive a nose
That red with many a carbuncle glows,
Thou may'st conclude, nay, thou may'st safely
swear,
That nose was never nurs'd upon *Small beer*.

Found among old lumber.

THE SEASONS.

"STAY! SUMMER cried, as blooming
SPRING withdrew,
"(Willing his royal title to disown)
"Stay! for mankind have ne'er spoke well of
you,
"And how should I fare better on the throne?
Too hot or cold they always find the air,
"And endless murmurs our misconduct
breeds;
"No, such impertinence no more I'll bear,
"Unrivall'd region the queen of flow'ry
meads."
"Nay, said the other, I'm exempted now;
"Brother I with you all the sweets of sway;
"When your succession is so clear, I vow
"I would not wrong you of a single day,"
SPRING said, and vanish'd on the fleetest
breeze,
Poor SUMMER fretted; by compulsion
king,
"Since it is so, he cry'd, I'll try to please,
"Sure gratitude must from profusion spring"
Sudden the harvests wave in living gold,
The greatful rasbury wide the wood per-
fumes,
Lest fury the pearl and ruby to behold,
Than the bright form the goofbury assumes.
The luscious peach in rich carnation's pride,
And finely rounded by Pomona's hand,
Caught the fresh orient of a blushing bride,
Led to love's altar in a flowery band.
"Twas ripeness all and bloom of lovelier glow
Than fancy mellow in the poet's lays;
The park, the meadow, and the forest show
The boundless blessings of man's halcyon
days.
Yet man, ungrateful dares e'en now complain,
He says the zephyrs scorch them as they fly,
He says the niggard dews scarce kiss the plain,
And leave the fruits and languid flowerets
cry.
Alas! ERIGONE delays too long,
To smile benignant in the pitting skies;
When will the vintage glad the rural throng?
Hope in the panting bosom, wearied dies.
Such the mad clamours of the mortal race,
When AUTUMN in his turn assum'd the
sway,
New gifts, new murmurs, milder laws have
place,
As benefits increase, the base inveigh.
Till Heav'n, so long insulted, rous'd to ire,
Call'd forth the hosts of elemental strife;
Bade WINTER ravage with his offspring dire,
And bind in fetters what escap'd in life.
No fruits, no flowers, no silver murmuring rills
No soft recesses for the warbling train;
Scours the black tempest round the leafless hills,
No shade for sighing lovers now remain.
Fierce from confinement rush the boistrous
crews
By EOLUS down'd in gloomy caves;
Heedless of nests, or young the branches strew,
In icy chains suspend the harden'd waves.
The flocks, desponding, o'er the meadows hie,
And WINTER'S havoc humbles human
pride,
While prayers of penitence would bribe the sky,
But th' ungrateful favor is deny'd.
Inscrib'd appear'd on the emerging pile,
Though since effac'd by times all conqu'ring
steel;
"Subjects who dare mild government revile,
"Deserve a tyrant's iron scourge to feel."

KISSING.

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the last
adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd it I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.
Master ADAM I very well think was the man
Whose discov'ry will ne'er be surpass'd,
Well since the sweet game with creation began
To the end of the world may it last!

The ROSE BUD.

OBSERVE the Rose Bud, ere it blows!
As fond of day's majestic eye;
At noon more bold, in fullest bloom,
It spreads a gale of sweets around;
At eve it mourns the setting sun,
And sheds its honours to the ground.
So beauty's bashful bud appears;
So blushes in the eye of praise;
So ripens in the noon of life,
And wither'd so, in age decays.
Time is the *Cauterworm* of youth;
It bites the blossom as it grows;
It blasts the flower, that blooms at full,
And rudely sheds the falling rose.
See, Beauty, see! how love and joy,
On youth's light pinions haste away;
How swift the moments glide along,
And age advance without delay?

A bon mot verified.

ANNE, on whose cheeks false roses glow,
Coquettes it still with many a beau.
Striving her wrinkles to forget,
She boasts, she is not thirty yet.
And who her words disputes—since so
She told us twenty years ago?

EPITAPH, on P. S. WILD, Esq. formerly of
Taunton (Mass.) now a respectable attorney in
the Province of Maine. Written by a friend at
his own special request, when a crazy young blood
in Dartmouth College.

HO, ho! who's he that fills this hole?
'Tis I from Taunton, bless your soul!
From Taunton? what and dead say you?
Yes faith! upon my word 'tis true—
You're then in want of ALEWIVES, are ye?
If so, I needn't ask—"how fare ye?"
But what's your name, friend? come, let's
know it,
And give your memory to the poet.
To poets? no! I choose to shun em—
I care for none, but old friend D—
He swears my name shall live while he does—
Perhaps as long as bards find readers;
So, hold your tongue, and let me rest—
'Tis hard if I must thus be prest.
Pho! what is't? tell! come once be clever,
Then you may sleep in peace forever!
Why—pox! then here—'twas WILD—don't
blame me—

FOR NONE BUT DEATH COULD EVER TAME
ORLANDO.

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